

Zion's

Herald

VOLUME LXVI.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

NUMBER 28.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopalian Church, both in literature, have dominion over N. Y.

Price including postage 25c per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

TELESCOPIC.

The world anxiously waits for information from Stanley. The New York Herald expresses confidence in the ability of the brave explorer to sustain himself in all extremities. He has triumphed over grave difficulties encountered on the "Dark Continent" heretofore, and the impression prevails that he will yet repeat his triumphs.

The electors chosen last week in Mexico are nearly all in favor of the election of President Diaz. In spite of his solemn declarations against re-election, he will doubtless gracefully yield to the pressure to serve another term.

It may seem a little thing to those who remain at home, but not to the traveler in England, that the London and Manchester Railway has decided to institute the system of checking baggage. The reason given for the radical change in that land of rigid conservatism illustrates well the potent influence of American customs upon England. The corporation states that the move is made "in deference to the prejudices of its American customers."

The 4th of July had fitting and appreciative recognition in London. The stars and stripes were flying from the Grand, Victoria, Metropole and Langham hotels from sunrise; also from the United States Legation, the new American Colonial Exchange, which Manager Glanville had covered with bunting, Charles Gillig's, and other places. Mrs. Phelps, the wife of the American Minister, gave an "at home" at her residence in Lowndes Square. The rooms were superbly decorated with ferns and flowers. Portraits of Washington and Cleveland, draped with stars and stripes, hung on the walls. About six hundred visitors were present.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council opened July 4, in London, Lord Cairns presiding. Mr. Matthews of Quebec presented a statistical report, showing that there were 4,000,000 communicants, equivalent to 20,000,000 adherents. He said that education was much looked after, as the principles they held did not commend themselves to persons without education. Respecting missions, 60,000 communicants had been gathered into the Presbyterian Church from heathenism, and over 500 ministers had been sent to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

Bismarck, with the confident sympathy and support of the young Emperor, seems to be exercising his most cunning diplomacy in the effort to form a strong alliance with Russia. William II. is on his way to make the Czar a visit at St. Petersburg, and this is a part of the programme of the wily diplomat to accomplish his purpose. It will be remembered that Bismarck succeeded in forming a strong compact, on the part of Germany, with Austria and Italy. If now an alliance is made between Germany and Russia, as is intended and is most probable, then France is isolated among the nations and becomes helpless and powerless to avenge the past.

The eyes of the whole religious world are concentrated upon Japan as the probable fulfillment of the prophecy that a nation shall be born into the kingdom of Christ in a day. The Bible, entire, is now published in the native tongue. The ablest men of the empire and nearest the government are seriously considering the question of making Christianity the official religion. The purpose, however, will hardly justify the move. The Interior thus clearly states the situation:—

The progressives who are urging this action are far from being Christians themselves; they take pride in their learning and hold that a religious faith is a sign of intellectual weakness. But, looking down at the hordes of ignorant people and seeing how hopeless is their condition in paganism, they propose a formal and official adoption of Christian standards and symbols, in order to hasten civilization and establish a system of morals among the unprogressive and loose-living population of the realm. The political philosophers see that the common people have ceased to accept the gospel of the cross, stone, have thrown their faith to the winds, have freed themselves from all sense of restraint once imposed by a blind superstition; and a new restraint, coupled with a new faith, is wanted to maintain social order and compel unity of effort for the good of the whole State.

The World's Missionary Conference held in London, June 9-19, exceeded in attendance, able addresses and enthusiasm, the most sanguine anticipations. It was thought that hundred societies might send representatives. One hundred and twenty-six societies, however, sent delegates. There were 1,060 delegates in attendance from the 52 foreign missionary societies of Great Britain and Ireland, 150 from the 51 societies in the United States, 27 from the 6 societies in Canada, and 22 from

the 13 societies of Europe. It is said that the American delegates won the laurels for able and eloquent speech. The contrast between the beginning and close of "The Century of Missions" is most striking and encouraging:—

One hundred years ago the world was rated at 731,000,000, of whom 174,000,000 were Christians; now the population has doubled and the Christians trebled. One hundred years ago the church was asleep on mission-work, and the governments and nations opposed missions; now, with little exception, all are in favor of one mission society; now they have 150 reported. One hundred years ago educated men could not be induced to become missionaries, the work was too forbidding; now we have 7,000 missionaries, nearly one-third of whom are women; also 35,000 native agents, 3,000 of whom are ordained ministers. One hundred years ago there were not 300 Bible converts among the heathen; now there are 3,000,000. One hundred years ago it was thought vain to hope for conversion from Mohammedanism; now, in many parts, as Lahore, India, most of the leading Moslem priests are converted Mohammedans. Within the past two years more than 2,000 young men have gone from the United States and Canada, and are laboring with success. The Moravians of Germany have done good work, but to the Anglo-Saxon race, both sides of the Atlantic, are committed the oracles of God."

How much good you may do by securing the conversion of one soul, eternity alone can tell. When you get a soul converted, you cannot tell what a spiritual force you set in motion. The humble Sunday-school teacher who took the little ragged, barefooted boy off the streets of London, and patiently looked after him and led him to the Lord Jesus, did not know that she was training one of the mightiest missionaries of modern times. I remember once I was conducting a protracted meeting in the city of Cairo, Ill., while pastor there, during the war. The result of the meeting was far from satisfactory to me at the time. But few were converted, but among that few was a modest, diffident young soldier, who became one of the most successful preachers in the Southern Illinois Conference in winning souls to Christ, who after a ministry of perhaps twenty years, bringing hundreds if not thousands to Christ, a few weeks ago fell asleep at Beulah, Kansas, and went home to glory. Now, I regard that as one of my most successful meetings. Influences were set in motion there that will live on, blessing the world till time shall end. You can never measure your success at the time, therefore, "Sow in the morning thy seed; in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether they shall be both alike good."

SOCIETY AND SOCIETY WOMEN.

A New Definition.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

SOME years ago when I was visiting Constantinople, Rev. Dr. Albert D. Long, now a professor in Roberts College there, told me of the theological argument he once had with a Bishop of the Greek Church. After long controversy upon the articles of faith, the American introduced the argument *ad hominem*, and as the Bishop was notoriously dissolute, an allusion to the works by which faith is made perfect, angered him greatly, and he flung down a parchment on the table, saying with clenched fist, "That, sir, is my creed. You have to do with that alone. It has no flaw from first to last. With my life you have nothing to do with me."

But the new age persistently insists on the proving of faith by works. Perhaps no other has compared with it in respect. We are even beginning to see religion where once it seemed to be ruled out. For instance, I can remember when the temperance reform was counted secular. Ministers were debarred from its platform, and women had no share whatever. But now temperance has been baptized at our altars and admitted to our church. Once I thought that voting was altogether secular; now I perceive it to be an act of religion or irreligion, according to the purpose of him who casts the ballot. Once I thought politics secular, but now perceive that the new theocracy must enter at its portals, and Christ must dwell in government or not, according to our political decisions. These lines of thought were perhaps impossible outside this age, which has shown us, as no other could, the correlations of force. We are practical students and our observation is full of the fact that water turns to steam, and heat to light, and electricity to sound. We know that force is but a mode of motion, and it begins to dawn upon us that progress is but a mode of Christ. Only dull souls believe the world grows worse. The more we know of it the more we know that it is growing better at incalculable speed. Wherever Christianity goes—and its white wings have in our day flown even to the sources of the Nile and land of the Midday Sun, to the Indian's "teepee," and the Mormon's "harem"—there go the truth and light and life of God. A missionary to China told me the Americans and English were so trusted by that lying nation that they could buy without a purse in that Celestial Empire their verbal promises to pay being enough; and I found the same in Italy, goods being thrust upon us without money or price, only our visiting card with its address being desired; indeed, we had to urge that sometimes, the Italians saying the equivalent of, "All right, lady, you'll come back and pay me—I'm not afraid."

This scientific ploughin', now, "Ain't science peachin', too," Both run too smaller for the work The pint has got to do. You've got to let the traces out, An' change the clevis pin, Then let the handles, hold 'em tight, An' growin', I'm afeared. This scientific ploughin', now, "Ain't science peachin', too," Both run too smaller for the work The pint has got to do. You've got to let the traces out, An' change the clevis pin, Then let the handles, hold 'em tight, An' growin', I'm afeared. Dr. Nathan E. Wood, in a recent number of the *Homiletic Review*, gives some excellent advice about how to use books:—

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task. If books have come to think for the minister and have not abominated him to vigorous, independent thinking on his own account, they have failed in their chief value. If they have made him simply a stuffed owl with all the gravity of apparent wisdom, and not a dashing Damascus blade which cuts and cuts and cuts until the heart of truth is laid bare, then we is he, and may his books perish with him! Did you ever wonder why Paul in his Epistles to the Romans did not quote from Aristotle's "Logic," or in his Epistles to the Corinthians did not quote from Plato's "Phaedo?" He was not unfamiliar with them, but what he had read had assimilated, and the massiveness, the strength, the eloquence of the argument were all his own. Read, read, but stop whenever there are any signs of mental indigestion. Read incessantly, but think three times as incessantly as you read. . . . The ministry of to-day, more than the ministry of any other time in the history of the church, needs the humanizing influences of the very best of general literature upon its own thinking and life. We seriously doubt whether the prolonged study of the technical questions connected with professional theology, or with the so-called critical thought of our time, will make men as able ministers of Jesus Christ as will studies in some other directions. We do not say this simply because the times are impatient with the spirit and forms of dogmatic theology. The minister must have a theology, but it is doubted if he must also have a stock of hypothetical thoughts. The danger of dogmatic theology as well as of criticism is that it will force a strong-ribbed armor of steel in which the living man will encase himself, and that the minister of the Gospel must always wear his heart upon his sleeve where any man can touch it. He must be intensely human in his sympathies. He must every inch of him a man, and however great his professional learning, it does not free him from the necessity of observing the common moralities, the common courtesies, the common humanities of life.

There is in all Christian countries an amount of confidence that predicts the coming day when all men shall be less afraid of being cheated than that they themselves might cheat.

The "confidence games" of large cities but the counterpart that proves how current is the golden coin of faith. As I fly along in the swift train and we plunge into the darkness, every revolution of the wheels and throb of the engine's mighty heart seem to say, "Good faith, good faith!" And we know that for every million persons carried, only forty-one are as equally harmed in this country of cross-roads, and in England with her greater care, only ten in every million. So that, notwithstanding an occasional and frightening disaster, it is positively safer to travel than to stay at home. What an incalculable number of "dependable" men this fact involves, and how it illustrates on a splendid scale the emergence of the human race out of chaos into order; out of lying into truth; out of faithlessness into faith. Even as we thus move on in these every-day affairs, all of which pertain to that "common religion" which involves the reign of righteousness upon the dusty highways of our common life, so I have thought we are moving onward in the social world. There is less etiquette and more reality; less veneering and more real grain of the wood. Once the business of well-to-do women was society. What did that mean? That the be-all and end-all was to dress in fashion, dance a minuet with stateliness, preside at a dinner of several hours duration with mirthlessness, and so on. Now, to be sure, there are large circles of women to whom the *decolleté* dress, whirling waltz, progressive eurehe and party and box at the theatre are the world's chief charm. But the spell of this sort of life is broken. The special enclosure known as "society" grows smaller and less instructive, and a new restraint, coupled with a new faith, is wanted to maintain social order and compel unity of effort for the good of the whole State.Archdeacon Farrar, in the *Fortnightly Review*, dealing with social problems and tendencies, tells what is imperatively wanted to-day:—

We want a new order of clergy, who, bound by vows, not lifelong, but temporary and revocable, will make their home among the poor, sharing their burdens, costing nothing; living simply on their own means and the voluntary offerings of those to whom they minister; working among the most wretched with brotherhood and sympathy; becoming their guides and counselors by proving themselves their benefactors and friends. With this we want an army of laymen, like the Franciscan friars, but with more diffusive and more instructed energy, will deliberately devote their lives to the improvement of the world.

Dr. G. W. Hughey's "Letters to Young Preachers," in the *Central*, contained some valuable advice. We clip a paragraph:—

You must remember, my brother, that no thoroughly converted soul ever goes to heaven alone.

more worthy of them, that "society women" have become a subdivision, quite clearly marked, of the real womanhood that has a broad, free life and outlook on the world. Just as in the early days, one who did not take wine was almost ostracized, but is now respectfully regarded and even praised, so "not to be in society" is no longer a mark of singularity, but a "differentiation from the type" that is clearly recognized and held in highest esteem. Perhaps "society" itself will pass away. Who knows? One feels like saying this below one's breath, and yet, *who knows?* There are so many better things to do than sit for two hours as devotees around the *symposium* of a dinner-table, or to spin in a waltz, taking attitudes elsewhere indecent or intolerable. But society dissected down to the marrow, yields but these two spectacles, and these two will pass away. Banish wine from the dinner, dancing from the "evening entertainment," and "society" with its bare arms and exposed bodies, its late hours and indigestions, would collapse. Nothing is surer than that wine will be banished, and that with the growing uplift and dignity of womanhood, dancing, and the outrageous mode of dress that goes along with it; will one day be held as a mere relic of barbarism. That was a prophetic innovation at the White House when our gracious Mrs. Hayes replaced the dinner with its wine-glasses by the stately and elegant reception. Perhaps while men rule the State, in their government "of the minority, by the minority, for the minority," its highest expression will still be the dinner-table with its clinking glasses and plenty of tobacco-smoke afterward, but when men and women both come into the kingdom for the glad new times that hasten to be here, the gustatory nerve will be dethroned once and forevermore. For there are so many more worthy and delightful ways of investing (not "spending") one's time; "there are so many better things to do."

But the new age persistently insists on the proving of faith by works. Perhaps no other has compared with it in respect. We are even beginning to see religion where once it seemed to be ruled out. For instance, I can remember when the temperance reform was counted secular. Ministers were debarred from its platform, and women had no share whatever. Are like the riding plough? They're easy, pretty kind o' things, But don't go deep somehow. They're not like the riding plough, ground, An' science styles is same. Both in the sermon an' the plough, That one don't feel it much. To-day our preacher skinned along, An' peared to do a heap, A cuttin' kivin' of the weeds He oughter ploughed in deep; An' he's got the team unguarded, The devil led to the tares. A growin', I'm afeared.

This scientific ploughin', now, "Ain't science peachin', too," Both run too smaller for the work The pint has got to do. You've got to let the traces out, An' change the clevis pin, Then let the handles, hold 'em tight, An' growin', I'm afeared. This scientific ploughin', now, "Ain't science peachin', too," Both run too smaller for the work The pint has got to do. You've got to let the traces out, An' change the clevis pin, Then let the handles, hold 'em tight, An' growin', I'm afeared. Dr. Nathan E. Wood, in a recent number of the *Homiletic Review*, gives some excellent advice about how to use books:—

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Books are too frequently the crutches on which the enfeebled and enervated intellects hobbles to its daily task.

Miscellaneous.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

THANKS for an invitation to your feast. I should place upon your table a few clusters of personal testimony instead of argument, it may be that I would be contributing an appetizing and healthful variety to the banquet, despite the possible imputation of egotism.

My belief in the Bible was at first traditional. I acquiesced in the faith of my parents. The Book of books was reverently read aloud twice daily beside my cradle. I here publicly record my gratitude to God for this simple kind of faith in His Word.

2. Whilst a small boy I began to infer that there must be something Divine in a book from the study of which my mother came forth from her closet with a heavenly serenity amid the adversities and asperities of farm life, which sorely fretted my less spiritual father.

3. After this a wider observation revealed the fact that the best specimens of moral excellence and true nobility in my little world were believers in the Holy Scriptures who were endeavoring to exemplify its precepts. My studies in modern history soon convinced me that this is true of nations also; that the Bible-reading nations are at the top in intelligence, the mechanical arts, morals, and in all the elements of national progress, greatness, and power.

4. The difficulties I found in my Bible, as I began its study, especially in harmonizing the four Gospels, were a great perplexity as discrediting the message of God to men. Why should a good God tantalize us with sayings enigmatic and dark? Why should not the Father of lights bestow a perfectly luminous revelation of Himself? I soon found, however, that most of my difficulties were metaphysical, arising from the attempt of the finite to fathom the Infinite, and that on the practical question of duty there was no darkness. I found relief in Bishop Butler's remark that Revelation is designed not only to communicate truth, but to test our loyalty to God; that probation consists not only in obeying His will when clearly known, but in our treatment of a partially obscure Revelation, patiently examining it in order to know what that will is. Robert Hall's apothegm, "A religion without a mystery is like a temple without a god," alleviated my perplexities, as also the thought that the difficulties in the Bible have afforded the human intellect its best pæstas in which to wrestle and grow strong.

5. The supernatural element in the Bible never troubled me much. I early found that I must believe in a miracle anyhow, whether I accepted or rejected its Divine origin. If I rejected it, I must believe a greater miracle in accounting for its earthly origin. I know what men cannot do. They cannot build up Niagara, nor scoop out the Atlantic, nor pile up Mont Blanc. They could not invent the Bible. Any four boys in a primary school could more easily originate the life and plays of Shakespeare than could four common men fabricate the four Gospels, the unique, symmetrical, and sinless character of Jesus Christ, His addresses measureless in their sublimities, and His parables fathomless in their profundities. I could sooner believe that four stone-masons of Boston built the Milky Way.

6. Thus far my faith rested on a mere intellectual basis, an admiration of Christ's character, the story of His life, death, and resurrection, a literary achievement transcending the combined powers of mankind. Hence the inference that the Old Testament, the prophetic record of that life, and the New Testament, its historic record, could not have come from beneath the skies. But inference did not deliver me from periods of distressing doubt. At this point of my history, through the mercy of God, a new and demonstrative style of proof was marvelously opened to me. "If any man wills to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of earthly or of heavenly origin." "Taste and see." I tasted, and I now see, by a set of spiritual intuitions quickened into activity by the Holy Ghost, that Christ, the central theme of the Bible, is a real and living Person, who has manifested Himself unto me, even me, as the Almighty Saviour, delivering me from the guilt, the dominion, and the indwelling of sin, giving to me that certitude of my sonship to God, which the Greek New Testament calls *epignosis*, so that I am neither an agnostic nor a gnostic, but an epignostic (not yet in the dictionary), one who knows God and His salvation with assurance excluding all doubt. I have given heed unto the sure word of prophecy, until the day-star has risen in my heart. It is a star that outshines the sun, and a star that never sets. Glory be to God for causing that star to rise in the firmament of my soul!

You ask me, "In what sense I believe the Bible to be the Word of God." I answer, in the sense of a better than Jacob's ladder to this kind of star-gazing. He who mounts will have the glorious vision. This is the short road. The long, winding, and wearisome staircase, which only long-lived experts have time to climb, is through criticism of the original text, proof of canonicity, genuineness, authenticity, modes of inspiration, and the endless discussion of objections. TAKE THE ELEVATOR. — "A Symposium of Inspiration," in *Our Day* for June.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY GOTHAM.

THE New York Preachers' Meeting has been discussing the General Conference. Dr. James M. Buckley, Dr. Ensign McChesney, Dr. Howard Henderson, and Rev. J. Benson Hamilton have been the committee-appointed leaders at the four Monday meetings succeeding the adjournment. There was in Dr. Buckley's speech more bordering on pessimism than I have ever heretofore detected in his deliveries. His comparison of the present methods of preaching and of church-work with the style and system of the fathers, was not complimentary to the pulpit-preachers and *peepers* of the age. He was severe on sensationalism and the church managerial system of financing. The old preachers fortified everything they said with a Scriptural quotation. Now, if the lessons read did not contain the proof of the discourse, it was without divine attestation. Dr. Buckley manifested a many submissiveness to the conclusions of the General Conference.

Dr. McChesney was rather optimistic. He saw great advance in the extension of the pastoral term, and thought it would work a revolution in the status of our church in the great cities. He has so successfully conducted his own ministry at St. Paul's, that, on the term-extension, he was invited to the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Church, Dr. C. S. Madsen having previously agreed to return to his former charge in St. Louis. Dr. J. R. Day was invited back to St. Paul's, and has agreed to accept. He had previously been invited to return to his former charge in St. Louis. Dr. Howard Henderson occupied the meeting, June 18. I have interviewed him, and he has agreed to furnish you with an extended outline of his speech on that occasion. He was followed by Dr. Roche, who is a sunny spirit, enjoying a golden autumn, whose brow is fanned by Beulah breezes, and whose ruddy face and stalwart form give prophecy that he will yet, for many years, live to bless the church, to charm his brethren, and to "grow old gracefully." He thought that the extension of the time would infuse a fresh energy into the ministry, and compel a closer scrutiny by the laity. The rustling of female skirts made no pleasant music in his ears.

Rev. Solomon Parsons, fresh from the Prohibition Convention, discerned "the sun of Austerlitz" in the glow of woman in the sun. Rev. Mr. Johns, of the Newark Conference, made a historical speech reviewing Rev. T. I. Boswell, who had, on a previous Monday, affirmed that the female sex had never produced a statesman, and that woman was not needed either in the legislation of the Church or State. He paid glowing eulogies to Victoria, but, singularly enough, had nothing to say of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. But she has not yet passed into the encyclopedias. Woman is a great train-switcher. She has side-tracked many a man and measure.

Rev. J. B. Hamilton, on the "Dangers of Officialism," I did not hear, for which omission I have had the ear-ache ever since. It was Hamiltonian, full of the family characteristics of those gifted brothers. I can fancy its merits, from the flattering accounts given of it by those whose judgment I respect. By the way, J. Benson Hamilton is achieving a flattering success in his great Brooklyn Church, to which he was so suddenly called last spring.

Dr. J. O. Osborn, of West Harlem, has gone to Europe. Dr. John Johns, of Beekman Hill, whose health is impaired, has been furnished with an ample and complimentary fund by friends, and sent abroad. Dr. James M. King goes abroad for the summer. I hear that his name is prominently mentioned in connection with the Wesleyan University at Middletown. He is worthy of any position that may invite him. I am better persuaded of the nobility of his nature now than ever before.

The election of Dr. S. L. Baldwin to the recording secretaryship of the Missionary Society, seems to have given complete satisfaction. His thorough knowledge of the missionary field, only possible to one who has been in it, his acknowledged practical sense, his disposition to look before leaping, his creditable platform abilities, combine to give him fit qualifications to succeed the rare genius for the place called to the episcopacy.

Bishop Fitzgerald will not remove to Minneapolis until January, 1889. His presence is required here. Having, as recording secretary, had in his hands various estates bequeathed to the Missionary Society, and many related interests, he must be accessible until the new regime is fairly inaugurated. The Conference assigned him in the South. He will make friends for the M. E. Church wherever he moves. No happier assignment to initiatory duty could have been made than this tour allotted Bishop Fitzgerald.

The nomination of Garrison gives delight to the Republicans hereabout. It is astonishing how rapid can be the leap of a man into fame — or notoriety, which is so frequently confounded with it — when he is made the candidate of a great party. Thus James K. Polk emerged from the obscurity of a country lawyer in 1844 to eclipse, by success, the "great commoner," world-wide fame, Henry Clay. Thus Hayes shot up, and Cleveland darted to the zenith, and now Garrison flashes across the political sky like a meteor. He has the advantage of lineage, which is supposed to be worthless in a republic. His great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence; his grandfather was famous as an Indian fighter and President of the United States for one month, after the most exciting campaign that America had ever experienced; his father was in Congress, and he, himself, had had important positions in judicial, civic, and military life. He combines the elements of a powerful candidate. He is a clean man. His ear has never yielded to the rattle of a bribe, his hand has never been stained with the price of one. If elected, none but partisans seeking preferment can be dissatisfied. It is a grand thing to feel that, no matter if your choice is not elected, a patriot has been.

As for President Cleveland, he has four years of administration for scrutiny before the jury of an intelligent country, and he has his admirable young wife in the White House whom multitudes would be sad to see go. But, as between Cleveland and Garrison, it is protection — or the opposite. People this time will be compelled to decide upon principles. A mighty lesson in political economy — the learning which they will have by heart by the nodes of November — is before the American people. Somebody has defined political economy to be "the science of selfish interests." If this be so, it is now the spindle against the plow, the loom against the reaping-hook, the forge against the grain elevator. New England by the shore is for the one, and newer England by the prairie and mountain for the other. On the tariff question both parties are divided — no matter what the platforms say, or fail to say. Mud and blood slinging are at an end, and, at last, the American people are facing a great political question worthy of the thought and energies of a vast campaign.

I attended the ratification meeting of the Probationists at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 23, when the nominees were notified of the action of the Indianapolis Convention. The vast building was packed with people and enthusiasm. Five hundred representatives citizens occupied the stage. Every private box was filled with those willing to pay for its occupancy. The parquet and galleries

were crowded. Two-thirds of the males present were young men — "seed corn." As they had opportunity in the pauses of the speaker, or when a shell spun from a big gun whistled from the platform battery into the air, they rose and cheered, waved banners, and were joined by fair women who fluttered fans or handkerchiefs, until the enthusiasm became painful. Dickie of Michigan, in an admirable speech, tendered Gen. Clinton B. Fisk the nomination. He received it in the most modest manner. He was not himself as to humor or oratory. He impressed me as a man loaded with responsibility, and dumbered by the looming up of a majestic portent before a vision it dashed, and a tongue it palsied.

Rev. Mr. Brooks, candidate for Vice-President, was "loose." He rattled around the platform like a long-roll beat on a kettle-drum. He was full of fight; whether he won or failed, seemed to have no influence with him. He might have adopted George Eliot's words, "Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning, but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is sure of losing." Brooks will fight, and lose, and maybe fight again and win.

Miss Frances Willard was there, looking ever so womanly, speaking ever so humanly, doing ever so dutifully. Her words were full of heart-break, her eyes were full of tears. She pleaded for protection for the home in tones and tenses that would have made the meanest free-trader in whiskey stop to listen, or listen to stop his ears. She begged for protection of ears with such a wailing eloquence as would make any protectionist for mills or foundries halt to consider whether it were not worth while to heed the mendacity made by strong drink. She pledged the fealty of womanhood to the party that would crush the great foe of woman and her children.

The writer will not vote for General Fisk, but he is compelled to respect the motive that renders the party he represents respectable. The idea it represents is bound to finally win in some form or another. It draws off from the Republicans in the North, from the Democrats in the South, but it — the idea — will finally draw to it all who love God and man and are sinning to destroy their mightiest foes.

Oh! that word regret! There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,

"Let us alone, Regret! We are content To throw thee all our past, so that witt sleep For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes; It has not learned to cry itself to sleep, But plaineth on the bed that it is hard. We did amiss when we did wish it gone And over; soours humanize the race; Tears are the showers that fertilize this world; And memory of things precious keepeth warm The heart that once did fold them.

They are poor Who have lost nothing; they are poor for Who, loss, have forgotten; they most poor Of all, who lose and wish they might forget. For life is one, and in its warp and woof There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet: Where there are sombre colors, it is true That we have wept. But, oh, this thread of gold, We would not have it tarnish; let us turn Off and look back upon the wondrous web, And when it shineth sometimes we shall know That memory is possession.

— *Jesus Angelus*

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Interesting Incidents.

BY REV. FREDERICK BURKILL GRAYES.

IN my walks about, I get something besides health. Pleasure, information and subscribers are not the least of these. I meet people. Many have something to say worth repeating; at any rate, worth remembering, and I remember. Here are three scraps torn from my note-book.

ZION'S HERALD.

This is the oldest Methodist paper in the country. I didn't know it until I was told. Its history has been full of changes. It was once half smothered, but it breathed again, and through the crowd of religious journals of all classes and denominations, it has worked its way to the open air. Back from New York, fifty odd years ago, it came, and was published on Washington St. as the *New England Christian Herald*. William C. Brown had charge of it then, and Mr. William Noble, then a boy of eleven, and now a hardware merchant of this city, folded the paper, whose largest circulation, outside of Boston, was in Lynn, Truro, Ashburnham and on the Cape. He folded all the papers for "a penny ha'penny," or 18-3 cents. If a boy, would be able to do it? Hardly. Its circulation was too big. But Mr. Noble, who knew the paper then and knew it now, after telling me the above, said: "The paper is a grand success, and is improving. Somebody has got hold of it who knows what people want to read."

CIVIL WAR AND CIVIL SERVICE.

Many of the blue-coated heroes who were wounded, found care and nursing in our Northern hospitals. The Massachusetts General Hospital was a boon to many such. A soldier who was wounded in the fierce struggle at Fort Donelson, had one of his limbs amputated at the South, after which he was sent North. It took weeks for him to reach the Boston hospital, and then he was told that another operation must be performed, but that under it he would probably die. He could not eat. He was dying by inches and suffering by yards. His wife was telegraphed for. But one morning the nurse, walking among the cots, whispered to him: "Ross, you are going to live." She gave him a half-teaspoonful of cocoa and scalded milk. He retained it, and two or three more followed. The nurse then told an assistant to give a teaspoonful every minute. He rallied. Shortly after, the nurse, standing near the hospital door, saw ascending the steps a woman who was crying violently. "Are you Mrs. Ross?" she asked. "I am," replied the woman, "and I wish to see my dying husband." "But you can't see him. You would kill him. He's getting better." At this the woman's tears changed to smiles, and the nurse said: "Well, now you can see him. Come with me."

She led the way through the ward to the room and introduced Mrs. Ross to her husband. Possessed of distinguished qualities in the pulpit and on the platform, his fine address and striking personal appearance, coupled with his great reputation as an orator, will make him a conspicuous figure among the bishops. He will be one of (if not the) most popular preachers among them, and will leave a great record of himself as he travels through the Conferences.

Bishop Newman is, perhaps, the most celebrated Methodist preacher in the whole country. Possessed of distinguished qualities in the pulpit and on the platform, his fine address and striking personal appearance, coupled with his great reputation as an orator, will make him a conspicuous figure among the bishops. He will be one of (if not the) most popular preachers among them, and will leave a great record of himself as he travels through the Conferences.

Cleveland. Under the civil service reform business? You must judge; but it looks queer. Civil war — loss of limb. Civil service (?) — loss of office. This is a true incident, told me by the lady who was the nurse in the Boston hospital, and is well known to many an old soldier whom she nursed back to health.

AN OLD WANT.

What is it? Why, subscribers, of course. And of the same kind as the following. When I introduced myself to a lady whom her pastor calls "one of the best and most generous women in the church," she said to me: "Oh! and I must have the HERALD." She subscribed for it, and then I talked a moment with her. During the conversation she pulled from under her desk an iron bank in which, she said, was put something for missions every time a bill was paid to her. She has carried on her husband's business since he died about fifteen months ago, and the bank must contain something. If only enough to buy a tract, it may work marvels. Taking the HERALD does not prevent her doing other things, and doing other things does not prevent her taking the HERALD. She is modest, but I will tell her name, hoping she will not be offended — Mrs. Maria Avery, of the Tremont St. Church.

THE ABSORBING SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION

During the past few weeks has been the General Conference and its doings. The variety and extent of new legislation has attracted unusual attention. In some quarters the opinion may be heard expressed that the late General Conference was a very able but dangerous body, intent upon radical measures, and that adjournment only put an end to its capacity to work mischief.

Others view with hopefulness its progressive spirit, and gladly accept the work of the Conference as a "new departure" for Methodism, conscious of her power, and determined to wield it to the best advantage in the great future. This latter opinion strengthens as the legislative results of the Conference are better known and understood. There is a feeling, amounting almost to a deep conviction, that Methodism has entered upon a new era in her history, bright with the joyful prophecy of a more glorious future.

One of the delegates from this latitude — a very conservative layman — who voted against the admission of the women and the extension of the time limit, was asked what was the special impression the Conference made upon him. He replied: "The tremendous power of Methodism. It was like a new revelation, coming with a sweep and rush he had never imagined before. Such polished minds! Such vigorous thinkers, grappling with great questions as they rose, making a profound impression upon the great city of New York, and eliciting praise and compliment from the secular and religious press." He also said that he got an idea of the "Great West" as the region of power; that while the more conservative Easterners sat and thought and studied over things, that great wave of Western might would roll over the Conference, and the world would be done.

Here, it is thought that the di-position of the woman question was the best under the circumstances, and meets with general approval. It cannot be denied that the advocates for their admission made a gallant fight and presented a strong case. It was certain'y a very brilliant debate, and reads like a romance. We are afraid, however, that the women lost their golden opportunity in the defeat of 1888. The great votes of the Conferences — Annual and General — necessary to admit them in 1892, will be difficult to obtain; and what is more detrimental to their cause, is the apparent apathy upon the part of the women themselves for this distinction and privilege. Unless the mind of the church is expressed in some overwhelming way, there is very slender chance that the measure will ever pass the Conference.

That which excited most surprise was the extension of the time-limit to the period of five years. While the Baltimore Preachers' Meeting on a Monday morning was discussing the matter, the majority sentiment running against any change as a serious blow to the itinerancy, while some thought that probably as a compromise, the Conference might extend the term to four years with conditions, the very next morning the papers reported that the Conference had by a sweeping majority made it five years without conditions. It was a complete surprise, and created considerable excitement, for no subject could be more thrillingly interesting to preacher and layman. Some prophecies of coming evil were uttered, and some very uncomplimentary remarks were made about wild and destructive legislation, and the restless, unsettled policy of the church. The excitement has now measurably abated, the situation is calmly accepted, and preachers and churches are adjusting themselves to the new order of things. Time and experience alone will show the wisdom or the unwise of this change.

We believe that the General Conference knew what it was doing, and in adapting Methodism to the demands of the times, has lifted her to a plane of greater usefulness and efficiency.

Another astonishment was the result of the episcopal elections. With the exception of Dr. Vincent, and possibly Dr. Fitzgerald, the rest had not been thought of. It would have been amusing, if the Baltimore Conference had been in session, to have noted its looks of wonderment when informed that one of its own number had been made a Bishop. It had no hopes or aspirations in that direction. It never dreamed of such a possibility. That a man who was not a member of the Conference should start into the canvass with a heavy vote, and then steadily force his way up through successive ballottings to more than a two-thirds vote, was unprecedented in the history of the church. The Baltimore Conference could hardly believe it, but she takes kindly to it, and wears the unexpected honor with becoming grace.

Bishop Newman is, perhaps, the most celebrated Methodist preacher in the whole country.

The conduct of the students in the recitation-rooms and on the campus was that of Christian gentlemen and ladies. Few go out from the school without having accepted Christ as their Master. While there is no evidence of sectarianism, there is a most decided religious atmosphere.

Prof. Bishop as principal, ably seconded by Miss Bickford as preceptor, with the old corps of teachers — with one exception — have been secured for another year, thus assuring continued success. Parents need not hesitate to send their children to this Christian school, so delightfully situated among the Green-

Mountains of Vermont, and in the capital of the State.

W. S. SMITHSON, Sec. Com.

[3]

[4]

[5]

[6]

[7]

Our Book Table.

STUBBLE OR WHEAT? A Story of More Lives Than One. By S. Bayard Dod. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.: 38 West Twenty-third St., New York. Price, \$1.25.

The purpose of this book is to face the tide of pessimism that is sweeping through our literature, and ask men to listen to both sides of the question. The plan of the book is to tell a simple domestic story and show the outcome of a life modeled on the pessimistic philosophy; and how, under ordinary circumstances, an earnest nature will be led, who adopts this, to the guiding influence of his life, the inevitable trend of its teaching. In contrast to the story of the writer's friend, we are shown the lives of others interviewed with his, affected by the same circumstances, and each one led to look on according to the source from which he sees his light. The exhibition of the pessimist's theory, contrasted with that of a sound Christian philosophy, suggests the answer to the question of the title: Which makes of life a field of Disease and How to Combat Them," is a most valuable health paper, and a column of practical hints on disinfectants is also worth a year's subscription to the magazine. "Lichfield Cathedral" is another of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's delightful papers, brilliantly illustrated. "Lincoln and McClellan," in the Lincoln life, covers an important period, and will be carefully read, including, as it does, the Trent affair. We must note especially "The High Tide at Gettysburg," a thrilling poem by an ex-Confederate soldier. "The Career of the 'Albemarle'" introduces four war papers of absorbing interest, which every one should read. "A Note of Peace" is well sounded of the reunions of "The Blue and the Gray." Dr. Buckley has a very entertaining paper on "Dreams, Nightmares, and Somnambulism." "On the Battle-field" is a good short story by Brander Matthews. "Mary Magdalene" forms the subject of one of the "Open Letters," and some instructive facts are given.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for July is a beautiful summer number. The editor was so thoughtful as to anticipate an article on the 4th of July. No better magazine for children comes to our table, interesting, instructive, pure in matter and illustration. 36 BROADSTREET, ST. BOSTON.

The July Atlantic opens with the second part of J. P. Quincy's "Miser Farewell's Return." Little B. C. Wyman gives some interesting "Studies in Factory Life; the Village System." "A Green Mountain Corn-field" gives Bradford Torrey the text of a charming essay. Mrs. Preston continues her studies of Cleopatra and his times in "A Changing Order." W. H. Dowd begins some papers on "Boston Painters and Paintings," which ought to prove of great interest. Eliza O. White has a very bright story in "A Browning Courtship," quaint and original. "The Telephone Cases" is a return of long and important litigation. Dr. Holmes' new volume, Lea's "Medieval Inquisition, and Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," are severely reviewed. Mrs. House's "Zone Santo," and Miss Murfree's "Despot of Broomeside Cove" have excellent instalments. The new volume opens admirably.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By George Park Fisher, D. D., LL. D., Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, 75 cents.

We doubt if the Christian scholar who can write such a valuable book as this. Prof. Fisher is admittedly the man to do it. He is familiar with the whole realm of apologetics, old and new. With that peculiar balance of mind so rarely possessed, he is prepared to make restatement of Christian evidences without any disregard of the past, and with a high regard of men. It is young gentlemen of the world who are fully their equals in expression, and in the use of honorary degrees special mention was given to Rev. Sia Sia Sankampan was received from Dr. Payne said he believed he had ever been connected with an American college.

THE REALITIES OF HEAVEN. Eight Lectures by Rev. S. F. Wright. William H. Alden: Philadelphia. Price, 40 cents.

This is a bright, thoughtful and seasonable brochure. The scriptural hints, illustrations and quotations are skillfully interpreted and fittingly applied. The author keeps clear of the fanciful and unreal. There is room for such a volume.

SHOW US THE FATHER. Charles H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.

This is the title under which are grouped a series of addresses delivered before several Annual Conferences by Miss J. Savage, Samuel R. Calthrop, Henry M. Simmons, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett, Jenkins Lloyd Jones. There is very much in the claim for "applied Christianity" in this volume that appeals strongly to the whole better nature.

IS PROTECTION A BLESSING? A Plan for the Negative. By Edward Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.

This is a timely and seasonable brochure. The scriptural hints, illustrations and quotations are skillfully interpreted and fittingly applied. The author keeps clear of the fanciful and unreal. There is room for such a volume.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkins Lloyd Jones. Charles H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago. Price, 50 cents. Fifth Edition.

The book is a benediction to the weary and heavy-laden in interpreting to them that faithfulness to present burdens, however heavy or uncongenial, is God's appointed mission for them, and develops, if done in the spirit of obedience and loyalty, the noblest characters. It is a unique volume to present to the tried, the tempted, and the sorrowing.

KELP. By Willis Boyd Allen. Pine Cone Series. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$1.

Mr. Allen has never written a more delightful story than this, the fourth volume in the Pine Cone Series. It takes a jolly party of young campers from Boston down to the Isles of Shoals for a fortnight, and describes the various ways in which the members enjoy themselves during that happy time. They crowd into two weeks an amount of enjoyment possible only to young people of sound health, perfect freedom from care, and who are in perfect sympathy and harmony with one another. They have the opportunity of visiting a number of islands in camp, and of feeling it, too. No one who has ever seen a storm of this grand of islands, with its long stretches of reefs and ledges, will be apt to forget it. The story is capital.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. Vol. 4. By the Comte De Paris. \$10.00. pp. Porter & Coates: Philadelphia, Pa. Cloth, \$3.00.

The volume just issued of this valuable work contains a portrait of the author, and covers the campaigns in the sieges of Atlanta, and the Banks' Red River campaign. The whole work forms the fullest, most unbiased and dispassionate sketch of the memorable struggle. While placed beyond all personal prejudices by his nationality, an accomplished military officer, enjoying the best possible facilities for securing authentic information, and writing in a remarkably lucid style, the author has given us, in many respects, the best military history of the civil war.

The Springdale Republican has happily said of this: "He has done for us in war what De Tocqueville did for us in peace." No library seeking to

preserve the valuable portion of the immense literature of the late war will have a complete list without these volumes from the pen of the able and cultivated, as well as titled, French officer.

Magazines and Periodicals.

The opening paper of the July Century will be specially interesting to our readers, for it gives a graphic and elegantly illustrated description of "Sinal and the Wilderness." It is followed by the most dramatic chapters of Eggleston's "The Grays." Mr. Kennan takes us in his Russian papers over "The Steppes of the Irish," closing with an account of a Tartar wrestling match. "Disease Germs and How to Combat Them," is a most valuable health paper, and a column of practical hints on disinfectants is also worth a year's subscription to the magazine. "Lichfield Cathedral" is another of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's delightful papers, brilliantly illustrated. "Lincoln and McClellan," in the Lincoln life, covers an important period, and will be carefully read, including, as it does, the Trent affair. We must note especially "The High Tide at Gettysburg," a thrilling poem by an ex-Confederate soldier. "The Career of the 'Albemarle'" introduces four war papers of absorbing interest, which every one should read. "A Note of Peace" is well sounded of the reunions of "The Blue and the Gray." Dr. Buckley has a very entertaining paper on "Dreams, Nightmares, and Somnambulism." "On the Battle-field" is a good short story by Brander Matthews.

"Mary Magdalene" forms the subject of one of the "Open Letters," and some instructive facts are given.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for July is a beautiful summer number. The editor was so thoughtful as to anticipate an article on the 4th of July. No better magazine for children comes to our table, interesting, instructive, pure in matter and illustration. 36 BROADSTREET, ST. BOSTON.

The July Atlantic opens with the second part of J. P. Quincy's "Miser Farewell's Return." Little B. C. Wyman gives some interesting "Studies in Factory Life; the Village System." "A Green Mountain Corn-field" gives Bradford Torrey the text of a charming essay. Mrs. Preston continues her studies of Cleopatra and his times in "A Changing Order." W. H. Dowd begins some papers on "Boston Painters and Paintings," which ought to prove of great interest. Eliza O. White has a very bright story in "A Browning Courtship," quaint and original. "The Telephone Cases" is a return of long and important litigation. Dr. Holmes' new volume, Lea's "Medieval Inquisition, and Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," are severely reviewed. Mrs. House's "Zone Santo," and Miss Murfree's "Despot of Broomeside Cove" have excellent instalments. The new volume opens admirably.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By George Park Fisher, D. D., LL. D., Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, 75 cents.

We doubt if the Christian scholar who can write such a valuable book as this. Prof. Fisher is admittedly the man to do it. He is familiar with the whole realm of apologetics, old and new. With that peculiar balance of mind so rarely possessed, he is prepared to make restatement of Christian evidences without any disregard of the past, and with a high regard of men. It is young gentlemen of the world who are fully their equals in expression, and in the use of honorary degrees special mention was given to Rev. Sia Sia Sankampan was received from Dr. Payne said he believed he had ever been connected with an American college.

THE REALITIES OF HEAVEN. Eight Lectures by Rev. S. F. Wright. William H. Alden: Philadelphia. Price, 40 cents.

This is a bright, thoughtful and seasonable brochure. The scriptural hints, illustrations and quotations are skillfully interpreted and fittingly applied. The author keeps clear of the fanciful and unreal. There is room for such a volume.

SHOW US THE FATHER. Charles H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.

This is the title under which are grouped a series of addresses delivered before several Annual Conferences by Miss J. Savage, Samuel R. Calthrop, Henry M. Simmons, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett, Jenkins Lloyd Jones. There is very much in the claim for "applied Christianity" in this volume that appeals strongly to the whole better nature.

IS PROTECTION A BLESSING? A Plan for the Negative. By Edward Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.

This is a timely and seasonable brochure. The scriptural hints, illustrations and quotations are skillfully interpreted and fittingly applied. The author keeps clear of the fanciful and unreal. There is room for such a volume.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkins Lloyd Jones. Charles H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago. Price, 50 cents. Fifth Edition.

The book is a benediction to the weary and heavy-laden in interpreting to them that faithfulness to present burdens, however heavy or uncongenial, is God's appointed mission for them, and develops, if done in the spirit of obedience and loyalty, the noblest characters. It is a unique volume to present to the tried, the tempted, and the sorrowing.

KELP. By Willis Boyd Allen. Pine Cone Series. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$1.

Mr. Allen has never written a more delightful story than this, the fourth volume in the Pine Cone Series. It takes a jolly party of young campers from Boston down to the Isles of Shoals for a fortnight, and describes the various ways in which the members enjoy themselves during that happy time. They crowd into two weeks an amount of enjoyment possible only to young people of sound health, perfect freedom from care, and who are in perfect sympathy and harmony with one another. They have the opportunity of visiting a number of islands in camp, and of feeling it, too. No one who has ever seen a storm of this grand of islands, with its long stretches of reefs and ledges, will be apt to forget it. The story is capital.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. Vol. 4. By the Comte De Paris. \$10.00. pp. Porter & Coates: Philadelphia, Pa. Cloth, \$3.00.

The volume just issued of this valuable work contains a portrait of the author, and covers the campaigns in the sieges of Atlanta, and the Banks' Red River campaign. The whole work forms the fullest, most unbiased and dispassionate sketch of the memorable struggle. While placed beyond all personal prejudices by his nationality, an accomplished military officer, enjoying the best possible facilities for securing authentic information, and writing in a remarkably lucid style, the author has given us, in many respects, the best military history of the civil war.

The Springdale Republican has happily said of this: "He has done for us in war what De Tocqueville did for us in peace." No library seeking to

the best thought of the representative men, of every denomination, this review is his medium.

The Forum for July is piquant, able and brilliant. There is more tart in it, perhaps, than in any recent issue. It is a number that you desire not simply to examine, but to study. The writers have more individualism than usual, and therefore you are the more attracted. We gratify the reader most not by our opinions, but by a glance at the table of contents:

"The Political Situation," Senator George F. Edmunds; "How Can Wagons be Increased?" Edward Atkinson; "Our Southern Masters," Senator William E. Chandler; "English and American Manners," T. W. Higginson; "The Stuff that Dreams are Made Of," Dr. M. Clymer.

The Canadian Magazine for July has a varied table of contents well suited to the season of heat. This number begins the 28th volume of this increasingly popular magazine. Several handsomely illustrated series of articles are begun, as: "Vagabond Vignettes" being gay sketches of travel in Egypt; "Palestine and the Levant," as an accomplished writer just returned from the East; "Landmarks of History," an illustrated series; "Round About England," with numerous engravings; "Our Own Country" and "Here and There in Europe" are also illustrated. Dr. Daniel Clark, superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, contributes a striking article on "Half Hours in an Asylum," which will correct many misapprehensions on this subject. Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Hugh Johnson, and Mrs. A. E. Bar also contribute attractive articles. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The RUST UNIVERSITY.

THE LATE REV. DR. C. J. CLARK'S LIBRARY.

The library of the lamented Rev. C. J. Clark, D. D., is for sale. Rust University, by the burning of Rust Hall last March, lost the most of its valuable library, therefore is in great need of books.

We, the undersigned, propose to the lovers of education and friends of Dr. Clark, the donating of this library, which is for immediate sale, to Rust University as a memorial to be known as the Rev. Dr. C. J. Clark Library. By such a memorial the cause of Christian education will be advanced, and the gospel of peace it is present in and generations to come silently but constantly and effectually preached.

In order to secure his memorial, we appeal for offerings. The library is choice, but \$450 will purchase it. Please respond at once. The names of all donors will be published in ZION'S HERALD. If more than the \$450 is received it will be expended in adding to the Memorial Library. Send the money to Rev. Roscoe Sanderson, Woodford, Maine.

CHAS. E. LIBBY, Pres. R. U. ROSCOE SANDERSON, Pastor M. E. Church, Woodford, Me.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

SNAP-DRAGONS. By Julian Horatio Felling. Illustrated. New York: E. & J. Young & Co. NO. 19 STATE STREET. By David Graham Ade. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE STORY OF TURKEY. By Stanley Lane-Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS. By Susan E. Wallace. Illustrat'd. New York: John H. Alden. Price, 75 cents.

PICTURES OF HELLAS. By Peter Marler. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.

MADAGASCAR. By George F. McClellan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.

GEORGE SAND. By E. Caro. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY. By Christine Turbine Herrick. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE CAPITALS OF SPANISH AMERICA. By William H. Curtis. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

MAGAZINES.

JUNE.—CASTELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. —LITERATURE.

JULY.—TREASURY. —ST. NICHOLAS. —THE CHILDREN'S NEW-CHURCH MAGAZINE. —POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER.—THE HOME-KEEPER. —THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. —HOMELIFE. —REVIEWS. —CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. —PEACE OF PEACE. —BAPTIST MISSIONARY.—PAUPER.—WIDE AWAKE.

PAMPHLETS.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF MOUNT HOLYOKE. 1857-1887. —THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS. —THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS. —THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE KOWALSKY. —TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OVERSEERS OF THE POOR OF THE CITY OF BOSTON. —THE BOSTON ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIETY. —THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIETY.

THE BOSTON BAPTIST SO

CONTENTS.

TELESCOPIC. THE METHODIST WORLD.	PAGE
Paraphrases for Preachers. — Society and	
Society Women. — The International Mis-	
sonary Conference	217
Miscellaneous.	
Inspiration of the Scriptures. — New York	
Letter. — Among the Churches. — Baltimore	218
Letter. — Commencements	
Religious Summary — Educational Items.	
Rust University. — Begging and Giving,	
etc. OUR BOOK TABLE. Magazines and	
Periodicals. — Advertisements	219
Editorial.	
A STEP IN ADVANCE.—The Blue and the Gray.	
—Some Vital Questions, etc. EDITORIAL	
NOTES. PERSONALS. BRIEFLETS. THE	
HEADING ACADEMIA. THE CONFERENCES	220
The Conferences.	
Business Notices. — HERALD Calendar.	
Church Register, Marriages, Advertisements	221
The Family.	
Original Selected Poems. — Thoughts	
for the thoughtful. — Our Bishop on the	
Woman Suffrage Question. — About Women.	
The Palace of Lies. — Music and Art	
Notes. — Selected Articles. THE LITTLE	
FOLK'S FARM AND GARDEN	222
The Sunday-school.	
A Beautiful and Fruitful Life. OBITU-	
ARIES. Advertisements	223
The Week.	
THE CONFERENCE. Reading Notices, etc	
— Advertisements	224

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass.,	
as second-class matter.]	

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.

Our New England Methodist universities and academies have just concluded their school year and sent out into active life, or to an advanced training, a large and promising body of young women and young men. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of the work, both for the denomination and for society at large, that is now accomplished in these excellently-appointed institutions. The service, as broad and gracious as it is for the denomination, is far from being confined to it. Our six Conference academies and our recognized private institutions are successfully training students for other colleges and professional schools than our own. All over the land, in other Christian denominations, we find conspicuous persons who cheerfully and gratefully recall the happy and fruitful days of their connection with our religious schools for the higher learning. This fact is having a marked influence, bringing the evangelical churches nearer together and securing a hearty co-operation in Christian activities.

One can hardly imagine a more delightful or hopeful sight than the assemblies of these fair and brave young students on their anniversary days. The scene is all the more inspiring in view of the high religious tone of these institutions; the great majority of these young persons having already plighted their vows to Christ and awakened to a practical recognition of their personal responsibility to consecrate their talents and time to His service. This annual accession of so many well-trained Christian minds to the church can but make itself to be felt in every department of her service.

But the step forward which has been borne in upon us while in attendance upon some of these annual festivals, as of vital importance, is not an increase in their number. Probably they have been multiplied as rapidly as really demanded. The tendency of the day is to increase the number rather than to develop the full possibilities of those now existing. Our New England Methodism is certainly amply supplied with her two noble universities, her six seminaries and other excellent semi-official schools. Happily the most of these institutions are now relieved from the embarrassment of debts; have fine suites of academic buildings, and more than respectable educational appointments. They have, also, at present, good reputations for scholarship in the educational world. It has been at no small sacrifice that the present results have been attained. Those who have generously aided in securing this, and those who have entered upon their labors, are inclined to believe that the great work has been at last accomplished, and that no further pressure for funds will be felt.

Certainly there could not be a greater mistake. The call in every one of our schools and colleges is as imperative to-day as ever. The standard of education is constantly rising, and the number of pupils seeking advanced courses of study is increasing annually. The demand for larger facilities in the scientific departments, for an increased number of instructors, for expert lecturers, for the most accomplished scholars and teachers in every branch of knowledge, becomes more imperative every year. The competition among these institutions grows sharper. The highest teaching talent is in lively demand. It is impossible to retain the best instructors for the small prices which have been heretofore paid. The public high school and the older or richer colleges are continually drawing away our teachers and professors of both sexes by offering them a much larger compensation than we have generally been accustomed to pay. We cannot afford to lose these successful instructors. We can only retain the enviable reputation we have earned by keeping abreast of the scholarship of the hour in our institutions.

It is much easier to add to the endowment of an established college or school, than to build from the foundation. Every dollar now given enters

immediately into the consummate work of the institution. The professorships should be funded, and an ample list of scholarships should be provided for earnest students without pecuniary resources. The faculties should be weeded out. No indolent, inefficient member, behind the times in his modes, however cheaply his services may be secured, should be retained. Live men and women of to-day, cultivated by study at home and abroad, should be secured. They will require adequate support. In this direction our energies must be bent. Nothing will diminish the reputation of an institution sooner than the imitation of a weakness in its faculty, and nothing will better advertise it than a body of magnetic instructors, whose pupils become their epistles, "known and read of all men."

The hour has been when such teachers could not be readily obtained; but they are now presenting themselves for service. They have graduated from our colleges; they have entered upon higher studies at home and abroad; they have ample scholarship and effective cultivation, and they now will respond when the call is made. Our trustees must have courage enough to seek for these accomplished instructors and bend their energies to the securing of generous endowment funds for their adequate compensation.

With gratitude to God, and no little wonder at the marvelous educational work accomplished by the church in the last half century, we are inspired still to lift up our voice once more in the hearing of the devoted men who have made large sacrifices to secure these results, and to beseech them to "forget the things that are behind," and to make one courageous step forward, placing our existing schools of learning, in every respect, in the very front rank of institutions of the same grade throughout the country.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Lincoln is the colossal character of American history. He sprang from our soil. Washington was English, and could never shake off his heredity. Lincoln is the typical American and our best product. This will be the verdict of the ages. Next to him in the American pantheon will stand the conqueror at Appomattox. Unique

Americans are each of them, distinct types of our own peculiar civilization.

Grant was never greater than in his clemency to the conquered, and no quality of his greatness was more original. In the exercise of such rare magnanimity he rendered unspeakable service to his country in leading the host of the Northern army in that beneficent direction, and the Northern people also. The chivalric spirit of the South was thus touched into generous and loyal appreciation and response by such noble treatment at the hands of the conqueror. Great inaugurated and fostered the spirit of fraternity between the combatants of the Civil War, that culminated at its grandest and best at Gettysburg in the "twenty-fifth anniversary" of that decisive battle. "The Blue and the Gray," officers and men, survivors of that struggle, in multitudes have strolled over that battle-field in these anniversary days, each doing honor to the valor of the other, and mutually sharing in building monuments to the glory of Confederate and Northern bravery and loyalty.

The soldier best taught us what love of country, self-sacrifice and heroism meant. He best teaches us, also, how to forgive and condone.

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When the stars are on the graves of our dead.
Under the sun and the sky,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

In the exercise of this grace, the soldier is more Christian than the churchman. Those denominations, sundered by the Civil War, that are yet so human that they cannot be thoroughly fraternal and Christian, should catch the spirit which these veterans are displaying in such happy and enthusiastic unity. On some of the days it is estimated that a hundred thousand people were assembled to behold the Blue and the Gray in such sincere fellowship, to witness the dedication of the monuments, and to hear the eloquent words! We introduce Gen. Sickles as the representative of the Northern soldier: —

"This assemblage marks an epoch. You are survivors of two great armies. You and your comrades fought here the decisive battle of a nation's history. The years have passed, and now the combatants of '63 come together again on your old field of battle to unite in pledges of love and devotion to one Constitution, one Union, and one flag. To-day there are no victors, but there are no vanquished. All claim a common share in the glories of this battle-field, memorable for so many brilliant feats of arms. No stain rests on the colors of any battalion, battery, or troop that contended here for victory. . . . Among the hundreds of memorial structures on this field there is not

one bearing an inscription that wounds the susceptibilities of an honorable and gallant foe. This meeting is an historical event. We dedicate here on this battle-field to-day an altar sacred to peace and tranquillity and union. We seal the friendship between communities and States once hostile and now reconciled. 'We all share in the rich harvest reaped by the whole country, North and South, East and West, from the new America born on this battlefield when we were in a consecrated her institution to liberty and peace.'

"The memories of such a war are as indescribable as our civilization. The names of Lincoln and Lee and Grant and Jackson have become household words. The great and fortitude and achievements of both armies, never surpassed in any age, demand a record in American history, and now that time and thought, common sense and common interests have softened all the animosities of that terrible conflict. We may bury it forever, we cherish, and propagate as we do the immortal heritage of honor belonging to a republic that became imperishable when it became free. We fought until the furnace had made all the records and moulded in one homogeneous nation. The world seems to be learning the error of its judgment. The tried and tested wisdom of years is coming to be appreciated. The familiar examples of Gladstone, Bright, and other British statesmen need not be quoted. On our own side we have seen recently in the great political conventions that men who had grown gray in the service of their country received the hearty deference of the assembled multitudes, and were chosen to be the standard-bearers of their party. Another instance which will readily suggest itself is that of our own General Conference. Those elected to its various offices — notably the noble company of Bishops — were, except in the rarest instances, beyond middle life, while in many cases they reached pretty closely on the line of what would be considered old age. Indeed, it may fairly be said, unless indications are misleading, that we have entered upon an era where the mature wisdom which is the fruit only of a life freighted with years of experience, will receive its due recognition. This is, as it should be, a proper incentive to toil and study — to right living and hard thinking. It gives to life its symmetry and proportion, making the words of the Preacher, the "hoary head a crown of glory."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Political Drift.

Another week indicates the increasing acceptance of the nominees of the Republican party to the entire constituency, save the element which voted the prohibitory ticket. Here there is complaint, not so much against Harrison, as against his Republican convention for its refusal to embody a strong and aggressive prohibitory article in its platform. It is evident that some of those who four years ago voted the prohibitory ticket, will this year vote for Harrison, from the following indicative straw. A great temperance convention in the interest of the third party was held at Lake Walden in this State on the 4th day of July. Mr. St. John spoke in bitter denunciation of the Republican party. General Swift followed. From the report of the *Advertiser* we quote. Gen. Swift, who are informed, voted four years ago for St. John, said: —

"You ask me what temperance flag I fly? It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old red, white and blue flag, with the motto 'liberty and union, more perfect union' — the motto of the temperance party, which we have all heard of, and which we have all adopted."

"It is the temperance flag I fly?"

"It is my answer." And the speaker took from his pocket a small American flag, and waving it aloft shouted. "The old

shop J. H. Vincent, of the Chautauqua Institute. The name Academia will radiate the name of the Summer School, of which Dr. C. S. Bachand, of New York, is principal, will be president: —

Formal Instructors, O. S. Bakel, and

Miss Bachand, of New

and vocal technique

Brown Mitchell,

C. L. S. C. Instruc-

States history and

W. Sweet, of Ports-

D. Merrill, of Haver-

ment. Miss A. S.

Public Entertainments,

and for the dwellers in

the village, Rev. A.

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

give a lecture on

Rev. A. —

Illustrated entertain-

ments, by of Boston, will

The Family.

HIS GOOD PROMISE.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promises." — 1 KINGS 8: 56.

BY REV. JAMES TRAMES.

O Word of love unfailing!
O promise ever true!
In every strain availing,
Still now, as ever, now!
Vanish the stable heavens,
Dissolve this solid earth,
The word of God still standeth,
His bounty knows no death.

How safely hath He led thee
Across the desert wild;
Hath guarded, sheltered, fed thee,
Though oft a wayward child.
Not even one word hath failed
Of all His promise good;
And howsoe'er assailed,
His truth hath firmly stood.

O Power, benign, almighty!
O Love, eternal, pure!
O Wisdom, vast and boundless!
O Truth, unchanging, sure!
Jehovah! Rock of Ages!
On These our souls are stayed,
For from Thy promise-pages
No jot of truth shall fade.

THE PREACHER'S VACATION.

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin', and 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the Gospel, so he trudged the weary way,
On the rough and dusty, neath the sunner's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul a holy place,
Then washed and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face.
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll,
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed a heavy sigh,
Just to go one more to meetin' ere the summons came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin' door,
So he hurried along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er.
Then he wiped his dusty glasses and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn:
"Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his return."

Then he staggered slowly backward and he sat him down and thinkin', For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered, to himself soliloquizing:
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised.
As I read that oddest notice stickin' on the meetin' door,
'Pastor off on a vacation,' never heard the like before."

"Why, when I first jined the meetin', very many years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and wittals, 'twas but little cash they got; but death will bring them therefore, just alike, and we can still name our new strength or our new trust from the separate love; it still is 'Katie's' gift, or it is 'father's' gift. And thus the very highest and deepest and holiest of our experiences in some way wear the likeness of those friends that we have lost." — Rev. W. C. Gannett.

"Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up the mountain night, will no angels singin' — will I see no gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent, will I meet no welcome there?
Why, the thought is most distractin'; 'twould be more than I could bear!"

"Tell me, when I reach the city over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notices tucked upon the golden door?
Tellin' me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn:
Jesus absent on vacation, heaven closed till His return?" — Selected.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown,
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;
Will I hear no angels singin' — will I see no gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent, will I meet no welcome there?
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day,

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fibre of steel in our sinew remains;
The field of battle is in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown,
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

The written testimony of Bishop Bowman is: "In quite early life I formed the opinion that women ought to vote, because it is right, and for the best interests of the country. Years of observation and thought have strengthened the opinion."

Bishop Hurst says: "I fully believe the time has come when the ballot should be given to woman. Both her intelligence and conscience would lead her to vote on the side of justice and pure morals."

The position of our saluted Bishops Simpson and Haven on this subject is well known, the former saying: "I believe that the great vice in our large cities will never be conquered until the ballot is put in the hands of woman." And the latter: "Only the ballot in the hands of woman can save this nation from bankruptcy in finance, mind, and morals."

Had I the facts at hand, I might quote from others of our Bishops as favorably on this subject.

I would like to allude now to one thing which has greatly surprised me, and which I have not seen referred to, and that is the inconsistency of ministers who utterly repudiate the idea of equal suffrage, inviting women as evangelists to labor with them to help secure the salvation of souls and advance the prosperity of the church. If their objection to the ballot for women is physical or mental inability, surely the work of an evangelist calls for greater outlay of either or all of these forces than merely dropping a ballot, and gaining the necessary information to do it intelligently, to say nothing of the skill and tact and deep plenitiness necessary to the former work. If they object because "home is her place," why do they give their influence to call her away from it? If on the ground of publicity, surely they are "at sea" there, for so public as an evangelist?

Hard work is better than easy work in almost any line of effort; yet many a man shrinks from the task assigned to him in his spiritual sphere of duty because he finds its doing to be hard instead of easy. "How do you like your new place?" asked an elder man of a younger one. "Oh! it's a pretty good place, only it's all up-hill work here," was his reply. "The most good work is up-hill work in the world," said the older. "Down-hill work doesn't amount to much in the long run. It seldom is work that is worth one's doing." Down-hill work is easy, and up-hill work is hard. In fact, it is because a man can go down hill with his work without any need of his working, that makes down-hill work so attractive to the average man as he is. — *Sunday School Times.*

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug

and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing streams, blessed with the sweetest of itself. The stream and its value be mostortal! Labor is life; from the immorto heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his immorto heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says yes to that. Properly, too, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet an hypothesis of knowledge—a thing to be argued in school, a dubious floating in the clouds, in endless logic verities, till we try and try it. "Doubt, whatever kind, can be ended by action alone." All true work is argued; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.— *Thomas Carlyle.*

Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep;
Untroubled is their rest, and sleep;
For them why should we mourn or sigh?
Neath quiet graves peace they lie.
"Thou givest Thy beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for warr'ng sleep,
For those whose paths is rough and steep—
For these we lift our voice on high;
Not for the dead.

— Selected.

Death; have you ever wrestled with the death-sorrow till you know its inner sweetnes? Sweetness greater than all, I would almost say. "The loss is loss, weep; but it is their gain," and with it will be to be willing; but we weep not. Our hearts are full of relief. The days go by, and the emptiness is as empty, and the silence as silent, and the ache as relentless in its pain. What shall we do? Our friends look on, and wish that they could help us. And they know that help will come, because to their own wrestling it once came. They know that the heart of this pain is joy indeed. And if you ask how it came about in distress so very sore as yours, their differing words will probably amount to this; that such pain can be stilled in one way only, and that is by being more actively unsel'd, by doing more for others right through one's sadness, by trying hard to do simply right. It takes a wrestle, yes; but they will assure us as an inward fact, whose chemistry they do not pretend to understand, that helpfulness and duty done at such a time deepen and sweeten into something within ourselves that almost seems a new experience from its exceeding peace. It is not time making us "forget" — nay, just the opposite. We know that somehow this peace is directly connected with that pain; and that we are in a kind of hellish prison together. Later, we begin to call it peace, and forget that it was pain. And by and by, the hour in memory which is our lingering-place for quiet, happy thoughts is the very one which is lighted by a dead friend's face. It is our heaven-spot; and, like the fair city of the Apocalypses, it hath no need of sun, for the glory of that face doth lighten it. Perhaps, as life goes by, there will be more than one of these green pastures with still waters, in our inner life, and love has been unique. Not even death will bring them therefore, just alike, and we can still name our new strength or our new trust from the separate love; it still is "Katie's" gift, or it is "father's" gift. And thus the very highest and deepest and holiest of our experiences in some way wear the likeness of those friends that we have lost. — Rev. W. C. Gannett.

All hail to a church that has so many of its Bishops, so many of its prominent ministers, and so many of its membership — men and women — on the advanced ground of woman's equality in Church and State! All hail to the many whose coming footsteps we hear, and to the pioneers everywhere whose labors are so fast ushering in the day of woman's freedom, and the proportionate elevation of her brother man and the country!

— South Harwich, Mass.

Boston now, who thus calls women to his aid, and who is strong in public lectures in delineating the crime of the saloon, and yet says that "the ballot in woman's hand, even for temperance, would but augment an evil, without furnishing a remedy." How can we account for such an assertion except on the part of the Pilgrim? —

"Why have you brought this weed hither? Our conservatories are full of the rarest and most beautiful flowers which grow, and we have no desire to look on such a thing as this." But Vero asked: "Whence came this plant?"

"Just outside the Palace they grow in great numbers," answered the Pilgrim, who watched him closely.

"And outside is the desert!" cried the friend.

"The one flower which blooms in the desert is fairer than the thousands in your Palace," said the Pilgrim.

"It gives me thoughts which I have never had before," said Vero. "A strange longing seizes me; I cannot rest."

Then the Pilgrim took him by the hand and led him to the door. And as they passed out, the strong, fresh air blew in their faces, and Vero's heart rejoiced. But when he stepped upon the ground, a sharp stone cut his foot, and he stumbled and fell.

"Ah," cried his friend from the doorway, "the outside world is not what you thought it. Come back; it is better here."

But the Pilgrim helped him to rise, and smiled into his face; and though his hands and feet were bleeding, he called back: "No, no; it is better to be free!"

They took their way across a sandy waste; the sun was hot, but the sky was blue, and the flower of the desert wavy silver-gray plumes in the joyous wind. Then they came to a steep mountain which they must climb; stones rolled down its side and threatened to dash them to the ground; but still they struggled upward, and still Vero said in his heart: —

"It is better to be free."

At last they stood upon the mountain's top. It was cold and bleak; night closed around them, and it was so dark that Vero could not even see the Pilgrim, though he stood close by his side. His heart grew very heavy, and he shivered and looked down. Far below glittered the lights of the Palace of Lies, and a faint sound of laughter and singing floated up to him.

"Alas!" he cried, "why did I leave the Palace? What though the world outside is broad and the air pure, within dwell my friends, and without are darkness and loneliness!"

But the Pilgrim's voice whispered: "Your eyes look downward; lift them up."

So he raised his eyes, and lo! the sky was crowded with stars, and every star rested upon the brow of an angel; and the angels touched their harps and sang. The air was filled with melody; the sounds which rose from below were drowned in the heavenly music, and Vero's heart was full of peace.

— Selected.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Three horticultural schools, free to women, have been opened in Denmark.

— Miss Julia H. Gulliver, president of Mt. Holyoke, received the honorary degree of Ph. D., at Smith College.

— Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has retired from Mrs. Reed's school, where she was an instructor in history and table manners.

— Mrs. L. E. Brooks is the successful owner and manager of a hack, livery, feed and boarding stable in Concord, Mass. She supplies carriages for weddings, funerals, etc., and barges for excursion parties.

— A small, lame woman, slight yet square in figure, face pale, neutral brown hair and eyes, and formal manner — such is a pen picture of Charles Egbert Craddock, whose real name is Miss Murfee.

— Mlle. Gabrielle Dumonet, at the recent examinations in medicine and surgery under the auspices of the Women's Union of France, gained the first prize, and was awarded the medal and diploma of honor.

— Mlle. Leblos has been awarded a diploma of *Docteur-ès-Sciences* by the Sorbonne, the first time this distinction has been conferred upon a woman. She is described as a modest young lady, the daughter of a Strasburg pastor, and a prodigy of learning.

— Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of General Grant and wife of Professor Cramer, who was for years our Government's representative at Berne, Switzerland, has been appointed evangelist for the department of work among soldiers and sailors for the National W. C. T. U.

— The qualities of women as librarians are enthusiastically commanded by Mr. Dewey of Columbia College. Most of the students of the Columbia School of Library Economy are women, and of the candidates for admission between thirty and forty are women and only two men, the others having decided finally not to take the course.

— Mrs. Harriette Mills, the president of the Washington Bicycle Club, is an enthusiastic believer in the bicycle as a promoter of health and source of pleasant recreation for women. The club was organized two months ago, and has now upward of seventy members. There are half a dozen young girls of fifteen, twice that number of young women under twenty-five, and the rest are older, mostly married women.

— Dudley Buck's cantata, "The Light of Asia," was rendered entire for the first time at Newark, N. J., recently, by the Harmonic Society. The verdict is that it is a success.

— A statue of Gen. Grant by Larado Taft, of Chicago, is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with funds subscribed by army officers and citizens of Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City. The statue is to be of bronze.

— A portrait of Robert Burns was discovered long ago in a junk shop at Toronto, where it was purchased for a few dollars. The signature of the Scotch painter, Raeburn, was found on it, with the date 1787.

— The directors of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, have decided that no student who does not speak French shall be admitted to the school.

— A statue of Gen. Grant by Larado Taft, of Chicago, is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with funds subscribed by army officers and citizens of Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City. The statue is to be of bronze.

— A statue of Gen. Grant by Larado Taft, of Chicago, is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with funds subscribed by army officers and citizens of Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City. The statue is to be of bronze.

— A new art gallery at New York is called the Crescent. It is intended to contain a permanent exhibition of American pictures.

— An exhibition of Durer's prints will be held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts next autumn. It will be in charge of Mr. Koehler.

— The other day, writes a Naples correspondent, at Genoa, in the presence of the special and royal delegate, Pavesi, the chest was opened in which was preserved the celebrated violin of Nicolo Paganini. The instrument is in admirable preservation; and the violinist Italian violinist, Camillo Sivori, after having tuned it, played several pieces of music, arousing the admiration of all present. Afterward, Paganini's violin was deposited in a case covered by a glass shade.

— Mr. Frederic Crowninshield has executed a large double window for Memorial Hall at Harvard College in memory of the graduates who fell in the civil war. The subject is Hector, Andromache and Astarte. Andromache in her pale green hooded drapery with the naked baby Astarte on her arm occupies one upright compartment, and Hector in copper and gold armor the other. Both figures are seen against a Greek landscape. The glass is painted in the three figures. The composition is of a modern neo-Greek sort, very suitable to the subject. This is one of the best examples of Mr. Crowninshield's work in stained glass. — *Magazine of Art.*

— The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has received as a gift from David H. McAlpin, a picture by Karl Huber, "The Poacher's Death," which was for many years in the old Dusseldorf Gallery in New York city.

— Paul von Jankó's new clavichord, or key-board, for the piano, which is interesting Leipzig musicians is already being introduced in America. It consists of six smaller key-boards, arranged in a terraced bank. The black and white keys are all on the same level and in the same position, made possible by the degrees proceeding by whole tones — that is, it takes two key-boards to contain the notes of an ordinary key-board.

— The advantages are that, when so arranged, the stretches are shortened, and that one finger

applies to all keys; also in the six key-boards the same note may be struck in three different places, making combinations possible that have not hitherto been feasible.

OUR MUSICAL INSECTS.

In the July *Chautauquan*, Mary Treat writes very interestingly about musical insects. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in the following graphic account of the "doings" of a group of katydids: —

The Katydid must not be passed by, as he is a general favorite, and the only one among the musicians that articulates distinctly. The musical apparatus is situated in each of the wing-covers where they overlap, and by bringing them briskly together he can call Kat and make her hear when she is a long distance away. They are among our largest insects, some specimens measuring from the head to the end of the wings nearly two inches in length. They are green in color and somewhat exclusive and high-minded. During the day they remain quietly seated on their leafy thicket, the foliage of trees, their color making them quite inconspicuous, so that their personal appearance is less familiarly known than their voice. They are exacting and amusing studies if one happens to alight upon a social gathering of the delicacy creatures in late summer or early autumn.

In the twilight of an evening in last August my attention was drawn to quite an unusual syllabic sound — ka, ka, ka, ka. The repetition was sharp and incisive, indicating that the musicians were young and full of life, and why they did not complete the sentence — Katy did, Katy did it — aroused my curiosity sufficiently to incite an investigation of the matter.

Stepping out on the veranda I soon found Miss Katy on a vine which ran over the fence, surrounded by a group of gallants. Whether she was a sylph or a nymph I do not know, but she was a belle, and her bright and gay colors were a

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.
(Continued from page 1.)

his mission ship which is lying in the London docks ready to make her twenty-fourth voyage to Greenland, carrying laborers and supplies.

But it would take me an hour to go through the list of men and missionaries who attract our attention. That tall, flaxen-haired speaker who is struggling in almost unintelligible English to tell of the work of God in Algeria, is a Swede; that rough, shaggy-bearded man who looks like one of the old Scandinavian vikings, is a Dane, and the very difficulty which he finds in speaking the English language makes him all the more eloquent as he pours out the glowing story of the triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar; that negro is from the West Indies, and represents the English Baptist Society, who by their earnest works have turned the island of Jamaica into a Christian community. The truth is, that to the lover of missions here is an embarrassment of riches. There are three meetings going on at the same hour in Exeter Hall, as though we were occupying Tremont Temple, the Meteanean, and the vestry simultaneously, and the cheers and amens are echoing from one room to the other.

To determine which meeting you will select, is the great difficulty. The meeting in the large hall is very full one evening, and so we drop into the little room where the subject is "Missions in South Africa." Do we ever hear the like? First an English officer gives the account of what he saw of God's wonderful working in that field. Next is a Frenchman, who represents a Protestant society in Paris. With his Franco-English dialect, animated with intense evangelical fervor, he is eloquent, and calls out round after round of applause. Then comes a Dutchman, missionary of the Rhenish Society; and then a Scotchman, representing the Presbyterians, each struggling with all his might and with a different brogue of English to declare the wonder-working of God in that dark land. And the effect was such that the hearers laughed and cried alternately, clapped their hands and wiped their eyes, and all agreed that they had never heard it on this wise before. In fact, I believe that the best-informed student of missions has to confess that the hundredth part was never told of the triumphs of the Gospel in these various fields.

The great continents are worthily represented. China with its millions has many able men to present its claims. That man of little stature and humble bearing, who is now pleading in such earnest tones for greater outlay and effort on behalf of the Celestial Empire, is J. Hudson Taylor. He is a living illustration of what one man may accomplish, depending solely on God. He has no missionary board behind him, no funds of a regular constituency on which to draw. And yet he has sent out a hundred missionaries during the last year, and almost that number in years previous. None of our large societies with all their resources and machinery have approached this. We have heard much of this man's faith and power in prayer, and it is good to see him. H. Gratian Guinness, who has taken the world for his field, and has educated and sent out several hundred young men to the foreign field, is telling in earnest tones of the needs of Africa. It seemed when we listened to those who spoke of its southern part the illumination of Mount Hood on the evening of the Fourth was a success. The illumination was distinctly seen on the summit, and continued to burn brightly for a space of over two and one-half minutes.

— The number of the drowned in the recent floods in Mexico is placed at 700. — The Chautauqua College was formally opened by Bishop Vincent, at Chautauqua, N. Y.

— The usual celebration was held at Woodstock, on the Fourth, between being made by Senators Frye and Platt, Professor Goldwin Smith, Senator Palmer and others.

— A Cornell student in attendance at Mr. Moody's Bible school at Northfield, was drowned in the Connecticut River.

— The illumination of Mount Hood on the evening of the Fourth was a success. The illumination was distinctly seen on the summit, and continued to burn brightly for a space of over two and one-half minutes.

— Six persons were badly injured and several buildings wrecked by a boiler explosion in a tannery at Allegany City, Pa.

— The failure of Seligman, May & Co., dealers in boys' clothing, New York, is reported, with liabilities estimated at \$300,000.

— At Watervalley, Miss., a grand stand collapsed, burying in its ruins about four hundred people. Many were wounded.

— The village of Glade Run, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Hundreds of people left homeless.

— The Jewish residents of Boston have formed an association, the object of which is to cause a deeper interest to be taken by the Hebrew residents in its public and political life.

— Eight thousand letter carriers paraded in New York to celebrate the eight-hour-day victory.

— The towns of St. Albans, Vt., and Henniker, N. H., celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of their settlement.

— The anniversary of the Wyoming (Pa.) massacre was celebrated at the monument in Wyoming by the Commemorative Association.

— A serious fire occurred in the *Century* magazine building, New York.

— The services of the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago were largely attended. Over 200 members of the Society went from Boston and vicinity.

— The United States Express Company has bought out the International Express Company.

— The Reading (Pa.) Hardware Works, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the country, has been burned. About 400 men are thrown out of work.

— A conductor and two trainmen were blown from a train and fatally hurt during a cyclone at Dayton, N. J.

— Col. C. C. Nelson, president of the North Side Bank of Atlanta, has absconded, taking with him all the money and collaterals deposited in the bank.

— The scenes at the Gettysburg reunion were unusually interesting. Several monuments were dedicated, the corner-stone of the Memorial Church was laid, and the reunion of the Blue and the Gray followed, with speeches by Gen. Sickles, Gen. Gordon, Gov. Beaver and others.

— General Sheridan is in his cottage at Nonquit, having made the journey from Washington without experiencing any ill effects.

— Danville, Va., was visited by a disastrous fire, the loss amounting to about \$500,000.

— At Lake Winnipesaukee a horse and carriage containing two ladies and four children backed into the lake. Two children were drowned.

— Four persons perished in a burning building last week near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

— The Academy of Music building at Haverhill, Mass., was burned; loss, \$50,000.

— Great damage to property was

strong, clear voice of our wise secretary, Dr. Murdock, has been heard in these debates, courteous and firm in all points touching our own denominational interests.

It has been a wonderful meeting, and to have witnessed it and participated in it I count the greatest privilege of my life.

We have been deeply impressed with the largeness of English hospitality. Here it seems to be the highest in rank and wealth who make themselves most truly the servants of all. Lord Aberdean, the chairman of the Conference, invited the whole delegation to his country residence seven miles out of the city. There we all had the privilege of being introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Lord Radstock, a noble in title, but a most humble and earnest Christian and a lay evangelist, Lord Kinnaird and his family, and Lady Beauchamp have been among the most laborious in caring for the delegates. And let it not be supposed that their service is a matter of form merely; for whoever might be missed at our early prayer-meetings, these would be sure to be there and on their knees in earnest supplication. It may be a good lesson for our American nobility to learn, when I relate that at the mansion of Lord Kinnaird one day, I found that he had as his guest a colored Baptist minister from the United States, whom he was entertaining during the convention. But I only speak of the nobility for the lesson to be thus learned. As a matter of fact, men and women of all ranks and of every Protestant denomination, have entered into this convention with all their hearts and with all their hands and with all their pockets; and the large outlay and the immense labor necessary to carry it through have been most freely bestowed.

London, June 9, 1888.

The Week.

AT HOME.

Cincinnati celebrated the Fourth by opening its great centennial exposition.

Gen. Harrison was notified of his nomination for President of the United States, by the committee appointed by the late national Republican Convention.

Thirty persons were injured by a collision on the Pennsylvania Road.

The Francis Scott Key monument, the gift of James Lick, was unveiled in San Francisco, Cal., July 4. The statue is of marble, executed in Rome.

The number of the drowned in the recent floods in Mexico is placed at 700.

The Chautauqua College was formally opened by Bishop Vincent, at Chautauqua, N. Y.

The usual celebration was held at Woodstock, on the Fourth, between being made by Senators Frye and Platt, Professor Goldwin Smith, Senator Palmer and others.

A Cornell student in attendance at Mr. Moody's Bible school at Northfield, was drowned in the Connecticut River.

The illumination of Mount Hood on the evening of the Fourth was a success. The illumination was distinctly seen on the summit, and continued to burn brightly for a space of over two and one-half minutes.

— The Municipal Council of Paris has granted \$13,500 for the erection of a pedestal on the Grenelle Bridge for the statue of Liberty presented to the city by Mr. Morton, the ex-United States Minister, on behalf of the American colony.

Bishop Latelche, of Three Rivers diocese, Ontario, Canada, has signed a decree ordering the expulsion of Jesuits from that diocese, on the ground that they have unduly influenced Catholics to change their wills on their death-beds, in favor of the Jesuits.

— There was a \$750,000 fire in Athens, Greece, on Sunday.

— A squadron of four cruisers and fourteen torpedo boats will accompany Emperor William on his Russian trip.

An Orange procession at Manchester was attacked by Catholics and a serious melee ensued.

THE CONFERENCES.
(Continued from Page 5.)

Evening Bro. Prescott preached from 2 Cor. 4: 17.

After the prayer service on Wednesday and some matters of business, Bro. Eldridge, of Cutler, read one of his sweet, helpful essays on "The Excellency of the Gospel." Bro. McGraw read a carefully written paper on "How Can Every Minister Become a Revivalist?" Bro. Prescott followed with "Helps to a Revival." The subject of "A Conference Evangelist" was discussed by the Association. All spoke of the great need in this field of some such helper—a helper that might come to our churches with official sanction, do his work, and go away without taking all the good results with him.

Wednesday afternoon the sermon by Bro. McGraw, of East Machias, from Luke 23: 42, was followed by the Lord's Supper, of which more than forty partook. The session closed on Wednesday evening with a sermon by D. B. Dow, of Millbridge, on John 3: 16, 17. At the close of the service one person asked for prayers.

The Association wishes to most heartily thank the pastor and people for their kindness. The brethren went home saying it was one of the best Assemblies they ever had.

D. B. Dow, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Concord District.

Lisbon.—Several months ago, the Methodist Episcopal Church and society of Lisbon commenced, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. D. J. Smith, now at Franklin Falls, the work of repairing and refitting the church edifice.

With much patience, Christian urbanity and wisdom on the part of the pastor, and with much generosity, surprise and gratitude on the part of all concerned, the consummation was reached Tuesday noon and evening, June 26, when the church was re-opened and rededicated free from all indebtedness.

The entire expense was about \$5,000, which included an excellent four-faced Howard town-clock, put into the tower by the citizens, the price of which was \$500. The edifice has been moved forward some forty feet from the railroad at its rear; it has been raised up and in the basement a vestry and a complete suite of rooms for the Sabbath-school and other religious and social gatherings have been finished and furnished; and two good-sized furnaces have been put in for heating. The main audience-room, which will seat about four hundred, has been made

done in Minnesota and Dakota by a severe storm, the wind blowing a hurricane.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Several pension veto messages were received in the Senate. Mr. Plumb asked for an appropriation of \$10,000 for a public drinking fountain. The River and Harbor bill was passed, and the consideration of the fisheries treaty was postponed until next Tuesday. July 5 the Senate adjourned till Monday.

In the House a discussion was held on the bill for the settlement of the claims of Florida. Mr. Holman spoke on the land forfeiture bill, and several amendments were reported. The committee's substitute was adopted, but there was no quorum, and the bill went over as unfinished business. Mr. Anderson introduced a bill providing for the control and regulation of railroads. By a vote of 177 to 8, the land forfeiture bill was passed, and several sections of the Mills bill were passed over. A long debate was held on Mr. Cannon's sugar amendment to the Mills bill. Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky made a speech from the Democratic standpoint.

ABROAD.

An expedition is being formed in Berlin for the relief of Emin Bey.

The libel suit of Mr. O'Donnell against the *London Times* resulted in a verdict for the paper.

During an unusually thick fog of Gibraltar three British steamers went ashore.

A severe shock of earthquake was experienced in the neighborhood of Baracoa, Cuba. The damage done to property was considerable.

The Pan Presbyterian Council has opened in London, Lord Cairns presiding.

The British barque "Bertha Anderson," Captain Thomson, from New York, May 17, has been destroyed by fire at Martinique.

Forest fires are raging on the line of the Canadian & Atlantic Railway between Montreal and Ottawa.

Eviction notices have been served on thirty tenants on the Vandeleur estate in County Clare, Ireland.

Counterfeiter Charles Johnson has been arrested in Toronto.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* says that the disorders at Seoul in Korea, were caused by reports that foreign cannibals had abducted native children. Order has been restored.

The "white pasha," seen in the region of Babugazelle, is said to be Dr. Emin Pasha, not Stanley.

The steamer "Durham City," from Hamburg for Boston, collided with the steamer "Gellert," from Hamburg for New York. Both vessels were damaged above the water line.

July 2 was observed as a general holiday in the Dominion, it being the twenty-first anniversary of the confederation of the Canadian provinces.

The Municipal Council of Paris has granted \$13,500 for the erection of a pedestal on the Grenelle Bridge for the statue of Liberty presented to the city by Mr. Morton, the ex-United States Minister, on behalf of the American colony.

Bishop Latelche, of Three Rivers diocese, Ontario, Canada, has signed a decree ordering the expulsion of Jesuits from that diocese, on the ground that they have unduly influenced Catholics to change their wills on their death-beds, in favor of the Jesuits.

— There was a \$750,000 fire in Athens, Greece, on Sunday.

— A squadron of four cruisers and fourteen torpedo boats will accompany Emperor William on his Russian trip.

An Orange procession at Manchester was attacked by Catholics and a serious melee ensued.

THE CONFERENCES.
(Continued from Page 5.)

Evening Bro. Prescott preached from 2 Cor. 4: 17.

After the prayer service on Wednesday and some matters of business, Bro. Eldridge, of Cutler, read one of his sweet, helpful essays on "The Excellency of the Gospel." Bro. McGraw read a carefully written paper on "How Can Every Minister Become a Revivalist?" Bro. Prescott followed with "Helps to a Revival." The subject of "A Conference Evangelist" was discussed by the Association. All spoke of the great need in this field of some such helper—a helper that might come to our churches with official sanction, do his work, and go away without taking all the good results with him.

Wednesday afternoon the sermon by Bro. McGraw, of East Machias, from Luke 23: 42, was followed by the Lord's Supper, of which more than forty partook. The session closed on Wednesday evening with a sermon by D. B. Dow, of Millbridge, on John 3: 16, 17. At the close of the service one person asked for prayers.

The Association wishes to most heartily thank the pastor and people for their kindness. The brethren went home saying it was one of the best Assemblies they ever had.

D. B. Dow, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Concord District.

Lisbon.—Several months ago, the Methodist Episcopal Church and society of Lisbon commenced, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. D. J. Smith, now at Franklin Falls, the work of repairing and refitting the church edifice.

With much patience, Christian urbanity and wisdom on the part of the pastor, and with much generosity, surprise and gratitude on the part of all concerned, the consummation was reached Tuesday noon and evening, June 26, when the church was re-opened and rededicated free from all indebtedness.

The entire expense was about \$5,000, which included an excellent four-faced Howard town-clock, put into the tower by the citizens, the price of which was \$500. The edifice has been moved forward some forty feet from the railroad at its rear; it has been raised up and in the basement a vestry and a complete suite of rooms for the Sabbath-school and other religious and social gatherings have been finished and furnished. How lightly the obligation of a promise seems to lie on some consciences! The next district preachers' meeting is to be held at Williamstown some time in the early autumn.

The exercises of Commencement week brought a larger number than ever to Seminary Hill, Montpelier. A most prosperous year has just closed. All departments have been well sustained, the art and music departments have taken a decidedly advance position. Our music department, in its thorough

pleasant and attractive by new cushions for the pews, a new carpet, frescoed walls and ceiling, and the removal of the orchestra to the large platform, the front part of which is occupied by the pulpit. There is a good supply of fresh cold water, also, in the basement. Considerable grading has been done, and the wide walk leading from the street to the church has been concreted; some finishing touches in the way of curbing, etc., are still to be done, the expense being all provided for. This church is now one of the best furnished and most convenient and attractive in northern New Hampshire and the Concord District.

At the appointed hour, notwithstanding the abundant rain, a good-sized congregation assembled. The programme of exercises was freely distributed. An anthem entitled, "Bow Thy Heavens, O Lord, and Come Down," the music of which was composed by the veteran chorister, Mr. J. Kelse, was fittingly rendered by a choir of twenty-one singers and players. Rev. J. M. Bell, pastor of the Congregational Church, read selected passages of Scripture. Prayer, touching and comprehensive, was offered by Rev. D. J. Smith. Then came the sermon, full of the marrow of the Gospel, by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., of Boston, from Luke 4: 18, 19. This was the great improvement, and ought to secure a larger patronage. This is the first school in the State to be lighted by electricity.

Mrs. Roxana Gould, of Montpelier, familiarly known as "Aunt Roxy," passed to her rest June 22. She was an exemplary member of the church for seventy years, and was always interested in the welfare of the friends. She was especially the friend of the ministers, and this includes all who have been in that pastorate since the organization of Methodism in that town, as well as all others with whom she came in contact